

—The—
DeLand Weekly News
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DeLAND, VOLUSIA COUNTY, FLORIDA

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 Business Manager and Editor.

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When a member of any of the churches, or the societies, or clubs, is elected as a delegate to a general conference or State meeting, on his (or her) return home, a comprehensive report is generally given if the delegate has any expectation of going again. But the people of a county or State elect men to the Legislature, or to Congress, and these men go, draw salaries and mileage, come home and ask for your votes again. They get 'em, time after time. THE NEWS believes that every member of the State Legislature, for instance, owes to his constituents—the people who honored him by their votes—a full and comprehensive account of what was accomplished at the State capital; what they tried to do; what they did; and what they failed to accomplish, after an honest effort. All candidates for office are long in promises of what they will do—but so far THE NEWS has not seen in any of our exchanges an account of legislative proceedings written by a single member out of the 101 sent to Tallahassee from the various counties of the State. THE NEWS calls upon Senator Sams, Representatives Alexander and Thornton for an accounting of the trust and authority reposed in them by the people. We have read the laws of a general nature enacted by them. Now let them tell us of the purpose and effect of these laws, and how far they succeeded in the many things promised in the last campaign. THE NEWS will gladly give its columns to these gentlemen for a full discussion of these matters to which the people of Volusia county are entitled.

THE SEMINOLE OF FLORIDA

NEW LIGHT THROWN ON
 A VANISHING RACE

THE FLORIDA SEMINOLES IN WILDERNESS OF EVERGLADES EKE OUT EXISTENCE IN THEIR OWN PECULIAR WAY—THEIR CUSTOMS AND HABITS AS TOLD BY A W. DIMOCK.

(A. W. Dimock, in Collier's Weekly.)
 The Florida Seminole is the incarnation of Hale's curious creation, "The Man Without a Country."

Once members of the great Creek family, the Seminoles of Florida have lost their tribe, their traditions, and their homes. Their own people have forgotten them. The United States has ignored them since the Seminole war, when their roster was lost. Payment of the government debt to their tribe made plottings of their brothers of the west, but never a dime reached the members of the little band who refuse to be driven from their ancestral home. But their Spartan courage has departed, the Juggernaut of Civilization has crushed their spirit, and in the cowed and cringing remnant there is no spark of the fire that flashed in "The Seminoles' Reply."

The government has no agent among the Seminoles, and the last guess at their number, made by the United States seven years ago, was 138. That fragment of the tribe has now shrunk to 275. We kill more than that number of our own people in a single first-class accident to a steamship, on a railroad, or down in a coal-mine. If the entire residue of the Seminole tribe, bucks, squaws and pickaninnies, were turned loose on the hunting grounds of Maine, Michigan and the Adirondacks, and sportsmen shot as many of them as they do of each other, the tribe would be

wiped out in a single season. Last month the measles carried off fifteen Seminoles in two weeks. When one of these Indians get sick he is a "goner." If the disease doesn't fetch him, the medicine man will. This apostle of mummery will treat him to drastic bleedings, purge him with poisonous roots, and I have heard of his applying red-pepper poultices to inflamed eyelids.

The habitat of the Seminole has been the unexplored wilderness which is passing away. The title of the white squatter to wild land in the Big Cypress-Everglade country is respected by every body. That of the Indian never reached the substance of a dream. Engineers of Civilization are invading their country from the east; lumber, bark and fruit-growing companies crowd them on the west; hunters swarm on their ancient preserves; surveying parties, pioneers of other enterprises, are locating the land of the Big Cypress. The State of Florida is draining away the water of the Everglades; the Anglo-Saxon aggressiveness is bumping the native American off the map.

Even missionaries, who rarely allow a savage to escape them, seldom camp long on the trail of the Seminole of Florida. One of them did settle near an encampment at Immokalee (Home), whereupon the Indians rose like a flock of quail and moved to the Big Cypress swamp.

"If come Big Cypress me hiepus" (go), stay two years."

Another, who aspired to teach the Indians, began by snapping a kodak on a half-drunken member of the tribe, despite the protestations of the victim. The interference of an Indian trader saved the kodaker from having his own face spoiled. The principal trader with the Seminoles recently sent me, with lurid comments, a copy of a late number of a well-known magazine devoted to the interests of the negro and the Indian. It contained an illustrated article by an alleged missionary among the Seminoles, and included an account of an exploration of the Everglades by the missionary-author, alone, in a canoe. Of certain Indians mentioned by name, and described as "Christian gentlemen," I could have supplied him with photographs representing them as gloriously drunken Christian gentlemen. The missionary's illustration of the Everglades represented views with which I was familiar, but which I had never seen in the Everglades. His presence of mind, however, impressed me as phenomenal. For instance, when, in the vicinity of Shark river, he was in doubt as to his exact location, he inflated with hot air, of which he appeared to have a supply, a fire balloon which he carried in his canoe and, ascending four hundred feet in the air—But, as was said on a similar occasion, "What is the use of presence of mind when a man can lie like that?"

Aliens in their ancient heritage, the Seminoles lack the ordinary means of subsistence. They might exist without clothing—they don't wear much now—but their food supply grows scantier and more precarious year by year. Snowy herons are nearly extinct, and the Indian must soon stop selling its plumes to the women of Vanity Fair. The white traders of the west coast now refuse to buy these plumes, but the half-civilized Indian who trades in them finds a congenial partner in the unlawful traffic among the white merchants in Miami. Otters have become scarce, and alligators, the dependence of the Seminoles, are fast following the trail of the dodo. It is easy to command the Indian to work like the white man or starve. His inherited racial limitations may compel the latter alternative.

OTTERS VERSUS TOMATOES.

I once interviewed a Seminole who had just poled his dugout forty miles to the store of a trader to exchange a score of alligator hides for fifteen dollars' worth of bacon, grits and tobacco, to feed his family of twelve, squaws, pickaninnies and patriarchs. We talked in the hodge-podge of bad English and broken Seminole, with which the white man holds converse with the Indian, but when I suggested that deer, otter and alligator "bimeby hiepus," and asked: "Think so, Indian plant corn, potato, tomato, and sell?" the reply came like a bullet, "No!"

Sometimes Seminoles will work for farmers in the fields, but as laborers they are not to be depended upon. An Indian who had refused to do some light work for a dollar a day, yet offered to give me a live otter, without trap marks or other injury, for a moderate sum. He spent some weeks securing the creature, which he said he ran down on the prairie. Although the otter had bitten his thumb half off, the Seminole seemed satisfied with his compensation, which was far less than

he could have earned by much lighter work. Yet, after all, I sympathized with the Indian. I would myself much rather chase otters than hoe tomatoes.

Even in his own country of the Everglades, the Seminole is an unsatisfactory guide, and I much prefer, as an exploring companion, a white man, who doesn't know the country to an Indian who does. The latter lacks stamina and resourcefulness, is easily discouraged, quite regardless of all contracts of service, and has to be coddled like a spoiled child. Of course some are better than others, on, rather some are worse than others. If the trail is dry and the canoe must be hauled through mud and sawgrass, the Indian is liable to lie down and say: "Me sick ejus, want whyome," and if he doesn't get it to throw up his job instantly. Yet the Seminole is reliable in sports, with his own sense of honor, which, however, may not always run parallel with the more commercial code of the white man.

Charley Billy, son of Miami Billy, was accounted a worthless Indian, yet he had certain ideas of honor that toed quite up to the paleface standard. His last trading was done at Everglade, after he knew that sentence of death had been passed upon him, and as he left the store, to return to his camp for execution, he turned to the trader and said:

"Me hiepus, big sleep come pretty quick." On his return home he was shot, his body dragged out on the prairie, and left unburied for beasts and birds to devour. The newborn child of the woman in the case was thrown alive to the buzzards, and she was given to wife to Charley Dixey, the half-negro executioner. Several years have passed; she has two pickaninnies, but the horror of the tragedy remains stamped upon her mournful face.

Charley Dixey and his negress mother were once condemned to death by the tribe, but Tommy Osceola, grandson of the great Osceola, obtained a reprieve, offering himself as a hostage for their good behavior, and pledging his life thereto.

The Seminoles have a few superstitions, odds and ends of religious belief, and a distrust of white men, increasing in depth in the order named. During a trip through the Everglades and Big Cypress, Charley Tommy was interpreter, and frequently talked with refreshing frankness of his people.

"Charley Tommy, why do you not come to Tampa, bring other Indians, see big show, get plenty money? You savvy?"

"Me savvy—want to go—old chief get no sense—won't let me go—says don't like young men see much white man—maybe so, big sleep come pretty quick I go—sixty-five years ago Billy Bowlegs hiepus with white man—no come back!"

"Think so you want your pickaninnies to go school, learn to read, have store and trade?"

"No use. Old chief no want store in Big Cypress. Me savvy, want to go to school two weeks."

"Two weeks not enough; must go long time to learn."

"No, me smart, learn ejus (plenty)." Occasionally a Seminole would talk of his religious belief.

"You talk sometimes Great Spirit."

"Unca (yes)."

"What you say?"

"Um um. Me hunt two, three days, get no echu (deer); have big talk Great Spirit, get echu. Me want to go in canoe, no oskee (water); me talk Great spirit, askee come ejus. Me bury one more Injun; he buy pipe and sugar water, make whyome, drink ejus; me tell him stop, he no stop, drink, drink, all same white man; me bury him, then me say Billy bit."

TREATMENT OF THE DEAD.

Seminoles bury their dead on top of the ground, after wrapping them in blankets, but always leave the top of the head exposed. They build a pen over the body, and usually think it with earth. When his squaw dies, the husband wears his shirt until it rots off, which is not strikingly distinctive. When the husband dies, the squaw doesn't comb her hair for three months. Little reverence is shown for the dead.

Continued on last page.

CRAMPS
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ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Mr. Carl Turnquist and family spent Sunday on the beach.

Mr. Josh Connell and Johnnie Teat spent Sunday on the beach.

Mr. W. B. Fudger was shaking hands with DeLand friends yesterday.

Mr. C. S. Gailbreath, of Beresford, returned from Kentucky on Monday.

Mr. Cantrell and family have rented and moved in to the Jordan house on Howry avenue.

Mr. S. W. Johnston and family are spending the week at the Seaside Inn, Daytona Beach.

The first issue of The Inlet Advocate, New Smyrna's new paper, will be out on Saturday, Sept. 4.

Mrs. H. D. Bracey returned from Thomasville, Ga., the first of the week, after quite a long visit to relatives.

Mr. Z. T. Bielby returned this week from an extended visit to the North and West, visiting the Seattle exposition while away.

Mr. Robert F. Coleman, of Wilmington, N. C., is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. L. A. Coleman, and his brothers and sisters.

Mr. M. F. Burton leaves in a few days for Lake Placid, N. Y., in the Adirondacks, where he expects to locate permanently.

William M. Best is spending some time among old scenes in Kentucky. It is possible that Mr. Best will bring a Blue Grass belle home with him.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Boyd have returned from their extended visit to Pennsylvania. Mr. Boyd has thoroughly regained his health, and will again assume his duties in the Volusia County Bank.

Mr. W. E. Sullivan, who left last week for his old home in Williamstown, Ky., is expected back about September 10. He will bring his family with him and locate permanently in DeLand.

J. E. Alexander has purchased C. C. Player's team of white mules. Mr. Alexander was driving the team around town himself yesterday afternoon, and had to stand any number of jokes from his friends. Mr. Alexander will use the

team with which to make his next campaign for the——, providing the lady mule doesn't make the first campaign and put Jim out of the running.

Owing to a rush of work at THE NEWS office, we are unable to print the map of DeLand in supplement form for this issue, but hope to "get it in edgewise" next week.

The Gould Realty Company has prepared a map of the DeLand section of Volusia County, taking in the St. Johns river to east of Lake Helen. This is in addition to the map of DeLand, mention of which was made in the last issue of THE NEWS. A cut of the drawing is now being made.

BENNETT-HARRISON.

Clipping from a Waycross (Ga.) paper:

"On last Sabbath, July 4, at 4:20 p. m., Miss Stella Mozelle Harrison and Mr. Charles H. Bennett were very happily married at the home of Rev. W. F. Thompson, by whom the ceremony was very impressively performed. The bride is the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Harrison, a prosperous farmer of Pierce county. The groom is the only son of Mr. George Bennett, who passed away from this earth several years ago. Shortly after the ceremony, the young couple left for Waycross, where they will make their home. They have the best wishes of the entire community."

Charlie is well known here, having lived with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. U. M. Bennett, ever since the death of his mother, who was their daughter, when he was two years old. His father was G. W. Bennett, of Nicholas, Ga., and died when Charlie was eight years old.

Charlie has been visiting relatives around Waycross frequently, but none of his people here ever suspected that Cupid's arrow had struck him, until they received a letter from him and his wife, enclosing the newspaper clipping.

Charlie is only 19 years old, but is showing marked ability in the electric works of the A. C. L. R. R. shops at Waycross, and as he has always shown a talent for this kind of work, he will probably make good.

His many friends here extend congratulations and best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous future.

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